

The Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

TO HEAVEN ON FLOWERY BEDS OF EASE.

It seems that Washington has been infringing on the Wichita-Nordica invention. Last Sunday every church of that city had a telephone connection so that patrons could remain at home and listen to the services there without the discomfort of going and coming. This is not exactly going to heaven on flowery beds of ease. Nevertheless by the device one can remain in bed and hitch onto things heavenly with a telephone wire. The papers say that never before in mid-summer did the preachers of Washington City have such large audiences, although only the usual number of actual attendants. The scheme was a very lazy one not only, but its patrons avoided the regular Sunday collection. The lazy were not only accommodated, but lines were run to the homes of the sick, and to such invalid members as were confined to hospitals. What a future is thus fore-shadowed for men of ease. The tired business man who does not feel like rising on Sunday may take his religion in bed. Everything seems to conspire to make it easy for him. The old religious forms were "strenuous." Our fathers sat on hard un-cushioned pews and in unwarmed meeting houses. Religion used to be robust. It has now become as soft as velvet and is brought to the seeker at that—for a consideration of course. Some may say that religion that is not worth going after is not worth having.

However, to us it seems that there is more than the church to religion, more than the preacher or his sermon to the church. There is the atmosphere of devotion, of worship, and the spirit of unity and of fellowship which wants for more than ordinary sociability. The man who hitches on to his religion with a telephone wire may finally reach heaven, all right, but he will have missed much of the consolations of religion, much of the aids of the church and Christian sympathy.

SHE SAYS THE LORD DID IT.

Miss Ellen M. Stone is at Ottawa, Kansas, for the purpose of talking to the Chautauqua for what money there is in it. The Lawrence Journal says that Miss Ellen M. Stone takes occasion in her lectures to roast the newspapers. She doesn't give the newspapers credit for her release; she says the Lord did it. "But this doesn't cause the newspapers to regret that they caused her release. They still have sympathy for the bandits." The Eagle doesn't know about that. While consenting to sympathy for the bandits, it wouldn't hurt the missionary maid of Macedonia to be jacked up a bit. She doesn't seem to appreciate how hardly those Bulgarian heroes earned that paltry \$75,000. That there was any particular strenuousness in being cooped up mid the snows of isolated mountains all alone with a missionary of her dimensions and carping, non-appreciative disposition. As for the newspapers they are not desiring or expecting any consideration at the hands of Miss Stone. The Bulgarian bandit is the fellow who is appreciating the successful efforts of the American newspapers in raising that ransom. The missionary said she says that her captors showed great consideration for her, no doubt attributing such amenity to her formidable size and age, when the truth of the matter was but for the faith the bandits in the newspapers for raising the swag the chances are that the bandits would have abandoned their venture and left the missionary maid to the mercy of the mountains.

GRACEFULLY TAKES IT BACK.

No inconsiderable amount of Washington political gossip with reference to the strained relations between the President and Senator Burton, and conjectures growing out of such gossip, has been attributed to William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, whose literary relations with President Roosevelt at least have been understood as to be intimate. White has been down to Washington lately. Evidently White extenuates himself the galled jade, and to a degree admits that his withers are unwrung. In a late issue of the Gazette he sententiously and categorically lets himself gracefully down thus wise:

"The Gazette is willing to admit that it worries and frets and scolds too much over trivial things. If a man is a villain he will get his punishment without the worry of those who disapprove of him. If he is a fool he will fall and stub his toe whether we worry our heads off or not about his folly. It is hot weather. The Gazette has decided to leave a lot of things to the Lord until frost and not worry about them. One of these things is Burton; another is the library matter; another is Dr. McFerrit; another is the August drouth; another is the man Tracy; another is the smut on the corn; another is county politics and still another is Charley Curtis. Providence did just as well with the world before the Gazette was established, and a calm dispassionate survey of the situation will persuade any fair-minded person that the Lord isn't paying any attention to the Gazette."

MONTANA'S MULTI-MILLIONAIRE SENATOR.

It is asserted by those who know something of his mines in Montana and Arizona that the income of Senator Clark is just as great as he desires, that he could double or quadruple his visible wealth and annual income by simply increasing his number of laborers. He is a trust and a combine within himself and will probably die the richest individual in America if not in the world. It was predicted when he was elected that he would set a pace of ostentatious show and high living such as would astonish the country. But on the other hand he has lived the life of an anchorite.

There is a rumor, however, that all this is a sham, and gossip has it that Senator Clark

will buy the whole square one corner of which, the site where Castle Stewart formerly stood, he now owns. Upon this handsome property, it is said, Senator Clark will build a palace, which in appearance, size and splendor, will excel the Leiter, Patterson and Wadsworth mansions that stand near it. Decorators will come from Europe to adorn this house, the palaces and castles of the old world will be ransacked to furnish it, and its walls will be hung with the masterpieces of all ages. Once installed in this splendid home, Senator Clark, it is announced, will do all and more than was expected of him in the beginning, and millions will be spent for the entertainment and delectation of the fashionables of Vanity Fair.

HAD LITTLE USE FOR JURIES.

Mr. Joseph Brown, the "grand old man" of the British bar, has just died at the ripe age of ninety-three. This king's counsel had a low opinion of "trial by jury" and poured out his scorn on "the palladium of British liberty." In a pamphlet he once published a story of Lord Kenyon trying an action for a penalty for shooting game without a license. The case was clear, but, said defendant's counsel: "Gentlemen, it is true they have sworn my client fired at a bird, that he fell dead, and that he bagged it. It is of no use to deny that. But how does it appear that the bird was killed by the shot? What proof is there he did not die of fright?" And the jury thought there was none. His own proposal was: "Retain it by all means if you will, in all persecutions for political offenses and in every case wherein the judge may be concerned, or wherein the judge may possibly have a bias. But let all ordinary cases be heard by a man of superior discernment and practiced skill, whose natural powers have been sharpened by a life spent in forensic contests, who cannot be easily deceived by a witness, because he is conversant with every kind of testimony, nor by an advocate, because he has been an advocate himself."

KANSAS A MANUFACTURING STATE.

Statistics compiled at the office of the state labor commissioner show that there are 7,330 manufacturing establishments in the state, with a combined capital of \$66,827,362 employing 35,133 wage earners, paying a grand total of \$16,317,689 per year for help. The cost of the materials in the course of a year figured at \$129,485,320, and the value of the manufactured product is given at \$172,120,398. The largest single industry is the packing houses. The growth of the manufacturing industry in Kansas has been remarkable as shown by the increase from 344 factories in the state in 1880, employing 1,725 people, to the figures given above for last year.

THE BIGGEST SHOW IN THE WORLD.

The St. Louis World's fair will be approximately twice as big as any former exhibition. The Centennial exposition at Philadelphia covered 236 acres, the Paris exposition of 1889-1900, 336 acres, the Columbia exposition at Chicago, 633 acres. The St. Louis World's fair will cover 1,200 acres. The construction cost of the Paris exposition was \$9,000,000, that of the Columbia exposition \$18,322,000, and the total cost of the Pan-American exposition was \$10,000,000. The estimated cost of the St. Louis World's fair will be \$30,000,000, and probably \$40,000,000. Before the exposition gates are open, the city of St. Louis will have expended the enormous sum of \$10,000,000. Of this amount \$5,000,000 was appropriated for the fair through the Municipal assembly and her citizens raised \$5,000,000 additional by private subscription.

SCOTT REFUSES TO MIX.

Charles F. Scott, the congressman-at-large, refuses to be drawn into the controversy concerning Senator Burton's status at the White House. Friends of Mr. Burton called upon Mr. Scott to deny the story that the senator had sacrificed all of his prestige by violating President Roosevelt's confidence. In reply, Mr. Scott says in his paper, the Iowa Register: "It seems to the editor of this paper to be manifestly improper to engage in a public discussion to which he could contribute no information except that which came to him in the confidence of private conversation, either with his colleagues or with the President of the United States, that he feels sure will not be expected. All of the gentlemen whose names have been used are fairly well known in Kansas and we presume each of them is willing to let the question of his truth and veracity rest upon the record he has made."

Travis, who educated himself in golf and wrote a book on it, was knocked out the other day by a youngster, thus proving the Scotch claim that any man, whose grand grandfather begins in time, can produce a boy who can learn the game.

At Stockholm, Captain Wester, a Swede, challenged an American named Casper to a duel, and then failed to keep the appointment. He is in disgrace. Which he probably refers to the hands of the undertaker.

In Paris Prince De Sagan has slapped Maitre Barbois on the face. "You shall hear from me," said Barbois. "I'll have you arrested for assault." Conspuer and a bas Barbois.

It is said it will cost a city \$50,000 a day to entertain the Crown Prince of Siam and his retinue. If the Prince is looking for street fair engagements in this section, he will get left.

J. Pierpont Morgan has made his first mistake. He has loaned money to Turkey. He will lose it. Compared to the Sultan in knowledge of tricks, Morgan is a teething baby.

With General Miles ordered into silence and Minister Wu leaving the country this nation is going to be in a bad way for somebody to do its unnecessary talking.

It is now charged that the St. Louis girl who was rescued by Hobson from drowning purposely fell out of the boat so the naval hero could grab her. Poor Hobson.

Russia's scheme for a conference of nations to consider some way to restrict trusts, is only another trust, a trust of nations to fight off Morgan and Rockefeller.

If Tracy has gun-shot wounds in the back, probably a grim officer will capture him who will not consider it necessary to use handcuffs to hold him.

The directors of a German bank loaned \$14,000,000 to a man with a smooch on his nose. The real big suckers in this world are the extremely rich.

Two young men in St. Louis have been fined \$10 for making goo-goo eyes. Better, probably than, some father or brother making black eyes.

Prince Boris of Russia is to visit America incognito. As nobody ever heard of Prince Boris in this country, this is a very wise precaution.

The most comfortable thing in the world is a fat. Lord Salisbury's fat is said to be chemistry. He retired that he might work in it.

The price of corn in Chicago last week dropped a little more rapidly than the actual corn shot up in Kansas.

CHAPLEY'S SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

Samuel Chapley had achieved a remarkable success with his working boys' Sunday school class. Being a tender-hearted man with a mission, his whole soul yearned for the uplift of the street gamins of the fifth district, and to this laudable ambition he devoted all of his Sundays and two evenings of each week. By dint of vague but alluring promises he had held his class of urchins, boys of the street, together even during the first hot days of summer, and as the time approached for the bestowal of the promised reward there were many accessions to the little company. "Skinny" McDermott and "Snake" Wessels joined the class, and "Limpy Jim," the Madison Street hoodlum, was among those present on the eventful Sunday when Mr. Chapley made the following announcement:

"My dear little Christian friends, the time has arrived when I must announce to you the pleasant little surprise which is to be the reward of merit for your good behavior at our Sunday school classes. On next Wednesday you are to assemble here in this room neatly clad, with well-washed faces and hands, for what, my dear little friends? For a whole day in the country; for a picnic in God's blessed woods, free amongst the feathered songsters of the forest, at liberty to run, to shout, to fish and swim, to gather wild flowers and to be merry as only—"

At this juncture Snake Wessels held up his hand and asked: "Oh, Mister Chapley, is there any copper in de country?"

"No, my young friend, there are no policemen there, but you must remember that there is one great Chief of Police who is everywhere, who watches your every act, who sees all, hears all, knows all. Can you tell me, my little friends, who is the great and good policeman?"

"Gentlemen," yelled Limpy Jim.

"Gentlemen," yelled Snake Wessels, "ain't it, Mister Chapley?" howled Skinny McDermott.

"Chief O'Neil! He's de only one!"

But Samuel Chapley, much grieved at these irrelevant blunders, explained the deep, wide meaning of his words and dismissed the class all pledged to attend the picnic. And the good, gentle heart of Samuel Chapley swelled with pride on Wednesday morning as he marched at the head of his little battalion of urchins to the train which was to bear them all away from the noise and grime, the sin and temptation of the crowded city, to the peaceful glories of the woods, to the innocent delights of a joyous day at Higgins' farm on the verdant banks of the Calumet. But he didn't hear Officer Casey say, as he helped to round up the stragglers at the train: "I'd rather handle a rite than be lookin' after that bunch for a day!" Nor was the calm soul of Chapley disillusioned when Skinny McDermott and Snake Wessels got into a bloody fight in the car, or when Pete Duffy threw Limpy Jim's hat out of the window.

"A few days such as they are to spend today," he explained to the startled conductor, "would quell this mad spirit of combat in their little hearts. You must remember that this is a case of a city of the city has left its mark even on their young minds. Some of them have never been outside of the city limits. They are so accustomed to the tyranny of the authorities that many of them seem to think the very parks are a sort of private estate of the police. We must be patient with them. I think today will prove to them many of the beautiful lessons which cannot be learned in the cities. For one day, at least, they are to know something of the joys of Mother Nature."

And at last, when they are piled out of the stuffy, hot cars, and smelled the breath of the south wind and the perfume of the new-mown hay, Mr. Chapley could scarcely restrain the ebullient turn of their boyish hearts as he marshaled them before him for a few words of advice and learning.

"I see that my friend McDermott has a sling-shot," he began. "I suppose it would not be necessary to tell you that it would be cruel to kill or maim any of those harmless feathered songsters of the forest or to wound any of the poor, useless little creatures that—"

"Jipp-p!" sang the sling-shot in the hands of Snake Wessels, and as the gentle Mr. Chapley turned about he saw a pretty slender fellow over on his back, honking for dear life, his feathers flying in every direction. The accuracy of the boy's aim. Started into sudden anger, the kind Chapley made a rush for the boy with the intention of confiscating the dangerous weapon, but Wessels took to his heels; his teacher after him, and when the latter paused for breath on the brow of a distant hill he saw that his "small battalion" of Sunday school scholars was scattering over Higgins' farms like a swarm of Kansas grasshoppers.

Some look after the yearling calves in the river lot; already Skinny McDermott, astride of an astonished cow, was galloping madly toward the barn; a volley of buckshot from a score of slings was falling upon the squawking chickens in the meadow, and down where the sedate river made a green-skinned bayou at the foot of the hill a squad of his "little Christian friends" was at that moment hurling the cripple into a slimy bath. Terrified, dismayed, panic-stricken, the devoted Sunday school teacher forgot for a moment the well-maintained discipline of his mind and tongue, and, striking his ice-cold hand against his fevered brow, cried out:

"Oh, damn, I'm up against it for true!"

With a rushed down the hill to rescue Limpy Jim, the mocking lumps howling in derisive ecstasy as he waded waist-deep into the ooze and dragged the enraged boy from the slough. As he scrambled to the shore he heard a pistol shot in the thicket, a chorus of yells, squeals that reminded him of the stockyards and sent his frightened heart jumping into his throat. He galloped away in the direction of this new, most terrible danger and saw his young friends gathered in a shouting, laughing, pushing circle about two figures on the ground.

"Get him by the throat!"

"Get your foot in his mouth!"

"Grab him! Cut off his head!" they shouted.

Chapley almost fainted when he pushed through the crowd and saw Snake Wessels in a foaming dust struggling with an enemy. There was blood on the boy's face and fury in his eyes as he heard the teacher's voice and felt a strong hand on his collar, but Chapley breathed more freely when he saw that the victim of the murderous assault was only one of Farmer Higgins' shoats.

"You rascal!" he hissed into the boy's ear. "Didn't I tell you not to kill any—"

"This ain't no feathered songster of the forest," began Wessels.

"Where's that pistol, you wretch?" roared Chapley. The boy looked misused and eaten as he held up the rusty weapon, but the teacher hurried him away to the farmhouse and with Higgins' help locked him safely in the brick creamery.

"I'm afraid—what? I think it's a mistake," explained Chapley, gasping, but anxious to placate the farmer.

"Mistake! It's a crime, that's what it is!" bellowed the farmer. "You said you was agoin' to fetch some Sunday school boys, and here you've went and fetched out a whole outfit o' hell-dirt'n' innards!"

At this juncture a ball of fire and a pillar of smoke came bounding up the hill.

"Head him off! Head him off!" yelled Higgins, rushing at the outburst phenomenon, and away ran the hired men and a score of wondering boys chasing the comical thing down the hill again into the river, where it sank out of sight.

"What was it, sir?" asked Chapley, when the sweating, cursing, angry men came back to where he sat.

"What was it?" answered Higgins. "Oh, it was only a prize-winnin' Southdown sheep that one of your god-dang blasted, hell-dirt'n' imp's set afire. Spect you wanted to roast mutton for dinner? God ding all-fired black-belly-blank outfit to everlastin'! But I'll cost you a few, you god-blamed son of a tinker!"

Here the farmer became incoherently eloquent of words which sank deep into the sensitive heart of Samuel who he answered not at all, and it was nearly time before he had arrested thirty-five out of his class of forty boys and locked them up in the creamery. And when he counted them on the train and knew that five were missing he did not complain, but sat silent and sad in the dusty coal box in the shadows and murmured softly:

"It was too sudden for them, I suppose."

JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

He Got Off Easy.

FUN OF THE WORLD.

Not long ago a New Yorker, well known for his convivial habits, sent a box of candy to a girl uptown, and wrote on his card the hackneyed sentiment "Sweet as the Sugar." The next day he received a brief acknowledgment which read:

"Thanks to the tank."

The Manchester Guardian tells a good story of the weather. A sudden squall was overhead, the rain poured down uncompromisingly, mud was underfoot. A red-capped parson, who had been sitting near the dripping driver, got down as the conductor came up.

"What sort of chap is that?" asked the driver.

"Don't you know that?" answered the conductor.

"Why, that's one of them fellows that worship the sun?" said the shivering driver. "I suppose he's come over here to 'ave a rest'."

This recalls the reply given on one occasion by an eastern potentate to Queen Victoria, who asked him whether his people did not worship the sun.

"Yes, Your Majesty," said the Oriental, "and if you saw him you would worship him also."

A tourist agent at Manchester tells the following story, which, he says, acquires a peculiar interest by being true. A quiet-looking American entered his office last week and asked him to "fix up a nice cheap tour" through Europe—Paris, Lucerne, Florence, Rome, Venice and Vienna he wished included. It was found that at the lowest rates the journey would cost about \$25.

"Stop right there," said the tourist; "we'll have to drop a place or two. I had calculated to do the show on \$10."

Now you cannot do a very extensive tour through Europe on \$10, and the route was reduced at last to a trip to Lucerne.

"Well," said the American, "I can't say you've not disappointed me; but look here, you'll do this. Take a pound off the ticket and gimme guide-books to the places I'm missing, and I think it will work out good."

One day, in the summer of 1867, Abraham Lincoln was sitting in his office when he was visited by one of his neighbors, an excellent farmer, but one inclined to increase the size of his crops even after harvesting. He had given, on this particular morning, a skillfully padded account of the hay he had put in.

"I've been cutting hay, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln.

"Why, Abe, are you farming?"

"Yes."

"What you raise?"

"Just hay."

"Good crops this year?"

"Excellent."

"How many tons?"

"Well, I don't know just how many tons, but my men stacked all they could out doors, and then stacked the rest in the barn."

Professor William Archibald Spooner of Oxford university, has become famous as a ludicrous word twister. Once, at a special service, seeing some women standing at the back of the church waiting to be seated, he rushed down the aisle and addressed the ushers as follows:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, sew these ladies into their sheets." Being asked at dinner what fruit he would have, he promptly replied: "Pigs' flesh." This is the way in which Dr. Spooner proposed to his wife. Being one afternoon at the home of her father, Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, Mrs. Goodwin said: "Mr. Spooner, will you please go out into the garden and ask Miss Goodwin if she will come and make tea?" The professor, on finding the young lady, said: "Miss Goodwin, your mother told me to ask you if you would come in and take me."

At a play recently given in one of the Milwaukee theatres two of the play people appeared on the stage with two dogs, the merits of which they earnestly discussed.

"My dog," said one, indicating a smart looking bull pup, "is an 'AI' dog."

"In that case," observed the other, pointing to his dog, a yellow-haired mongrel commonly known as a "purr"—in that case my dog must be a 'K'."

The joke was not apparent to a staid looking business man, who, with his wife, sat behind the people who tell the story, and neither did his wife see the point.

"Vat's that?" she asked, as everyone laughed.

"AI," responded her husband, "dot's Bradstreet for anybody worth over \$10,000. 'K' dot's for anybody worth less than \$5,000."

"Ach," said his wife, "vat a lie."

"Sure," said her husband, "I couldn't give \$10 for the best dog living."

Alfred Hemenway of Boston, the law partner of ex-Secretary Long, tells this story: "A poorly dressed woman sat alone in a railway station. Attention was called to her by a man, who exclaimed: 'Here's a poor woman who has no ticket to her destination. I'll chip in 10 cents for her. Who'll help?' Presently he had a hat full of coin and announced: 'She has more than her fare, but not enough for a shave! I'll chip in a quarter for that.' Again he made the rounds and again announced: 'She ought to have a bonnet; I'll chip in a half dollar for the bonnet.' When he made the rounds a third time, a new-comer entered the station, shook hands heartily with the woman, and turning to the philanthropist, said:

"Why, Hiram, I'm glad to see you and your wife again."

"How's this?" asked one of the contributors. "Is that woman your wife?"

"Yes," drawled the philanthropist.

"What right have you to collect money for your wife?" demanded several.

"What right have I to collect money for any other fellow's wife?" was the retort that closed the debate.

Stephen Phillips the eminent English poet, was sitting in the drawing room of a London boarding house when the door opened, and a tall, powerful man, wearing white clothes and carrying a lady's mantle on his arm, entered the room.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Phillips.

"I'm a burglar," the visitor answered.

"You had better put that mantle down," retorted Mr. Phillips, and he graciously proceeded to show the visitor down stairs, opening the street door and seeing him safely off the premises. Before the door closed the poet asked, as an afterthought: "Where did you get that mantle?"

"I stole it out of the back bedroom," was the reply. The man in white shoes was subsequently arrested, but Mr. Phillips did not at first identify him.

At the police court he had no doubt that Mr. Sidney Charles Jones was the burglar. The landlady was positive on the subject. She had returned to London, and just as she got home met the prisoner coming out. Asked why he let the prisoner go, Mr. Phillips, who had described himself as a dramatic poet, said there was a child ill upstairs, and therefore he did not wish to have a disturbance, thinking the best plan would be to let the man out of the house quietly, and then give the information to the police.

Early Cigar Tongs.

Some customs seem to have as many lives as the proverbial cat. In the good old days of Queen Bess every smoker had in his outfit a pair of tobacco tongs. If he were a gallant of the court, they were made of silver, if a substantial merchant of brass, but if a workman, of cheap ironware. They were a necessary implement in the smoker. Matches were unknown, and the only available fire in the daytime was the blazing log upon the hearth. With the poker a small piece of glowing ember was broken off, which with the tongs was applied to the changed pipe. Hundreds of these tongs are to be found in the collections of antiquarians. Most of them are clumsy objects, but a few are so graceful in outline and artistic in workmanship that they seem to be of French and Flemish rather than English origin. These tongs were revived on a small scale some twenty years ago, when they were employed for holding cigarettes. The cigarette tongs were from two to four inches in length connected at the upper end by a smart spring, which kept the ends together when in a position of rest. When used the smoker opened them, and caught the cigarette between the fine close up to the mouth, and the contrivance enabled the user to burn the cigarette down to the last whiff, and protected the fingers from the discomforting vapors that produce the brown stain upon the face and middle fingers. The new tongs shown nowadays are somewhat larger, and are intended to hold cigars as well as to reach a coal from the fireplace to a pipe. They are made of iron, steel, and gun metal, and many of the latter are said to be manufactured from vanadium, cadmium, and other trappings of the late war with Spain.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

There is a story afloat that Bill Bolton is preparing to start a parrot farm out in Woodward county.

A bar-tender at Lawton is in trouble because he sold whiskey to an Indian with the beautiful name of Post Oak Jim.

Shawnee has employed an expert accountant to go over the books of the city officials every three months and report.

It would be interesting to know where J. Y. Callahan stands in the present campaign. The chances are that he is not far from Cross.

Dennis Flynn is now on the wide Pacific, and as this is his first considerable ocean trip, he probably wants to get out and walk awhile.

In the Strip the farmers who threshed before the rain are in fine shape, as the fields are now in excellent condition for plowing.

The re-districting commission will have no time to spare. Nominations for the legislature can not be made until they complete their work.

The drug stores of Oklahoma are loading up on quinine and calomel and such. This is to be a malarial fall, on account of the rank vegetation.

Jerre Johnson, of Newkirk, says that the real barometer of public opinion in this country are the farmers, the substantial, thrifty, non-office-seeking kind.

A physician in southern Oklahoma advertises that he has had "fifteen years' experience in this climate." That must have made his competitors open their eyes.

Along about 2100 A. D., some one will up and render another decision on the question of whether or not the Strip runners had a right to start from the Indian reservations.

Mining stock on Wichita Mountain properties is not going to be worth much until some one bakes out a hunk of gold that is gold to the people who are not assayers.

The Oklahoma man who contended that the long dry spell last year killed all the chiggers, was mistaken. A few survived and the size of their families is something shocking.

It is claimed that President Roosevelt has a clear understanding of Indian Territory affairs and that he is particularly anxious to root out all citizenship frauds among the tribes.

A week from tomorrow the school leavers must in Oklahoma City. The basis of representation will be one delegate for each eight quarter-sections of school land in each township.

In the Kay county gas well near Kildare the old trouble has come up. Two levels of salt water have been struck. One has been cased out. The other at a depth of 1,135 feet is giving trouble.

The negroes of Oklahoma are said to be very nervous about the fact that while their race is forbidden residence in Norman, the negroes are taxed like everybody else for the maintenance of the Territorial University.

One of the things that keeps the Democrats of the territory hot at Mose Anderson is the circumstance that he is not able to find a flaw in the Republican harmony. Piawa have been the specialty of past Democratic chairmen.

Delegate Mark Smith of Arizona will not be a candidate for Congress this year. He is a Democrat and it is said that he understands that the territory will go Republican, enhancing its chances, for statehood, and he doesn't want to be slaughtered in the cause.

All the churches at Newkirk have united in holding out-of-door meetings on Sunday evenings. Last Sunday Reverend H. L. Moore preached and the Newkirk Herald says: "The speaker was interrupted two or three times at the beginning of the discourse by the collapse of some of the seats, but as no bones were broken, and everybody was good natured about it, no harm was done."

Crop report in the Wichita Herald: A drive across the country last week to Hard Creek, shows that portion of the country to be in excellent condition. Corn is large and rank, and it has a vigorous, growing appearance which gives promise of an immense